

SATANS JIMCRACK,

O R

The Mousetrap of Iniquity:

BEING A

DISCOURSE

Against

(3)

WHOREING.

Deliver'd to a perticular Con-  
gregation near Covent-Garden.

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*Made publick by the Author.*

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Published according to Order.

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L O N D O N,

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*A lude Woman is a sinful Temptation, Her Eyes are the Snares of Satan, and her Flesh the Mousetrap of Iniquity.*

**M**Y Text I could devide into Three and thirty parts, but for brevity sake I will make use But of three only.

The first Part consisting of these Words, *A lude Woman is a sinful Temptation*; which is an undeniable Certainty. Secondly, *Her Eyes are the Snares of Satan*; which is a positive Truth. And lastly, *Her Flesh is the Moustrap of Iniquity*; Which Trap, Beloved, I fear ye have all been caught in.

I shall now explain at large what I mean by a lude Woman;

I mean; That Unsanctified Flock which breakes through the Confines of Modesty, and rambles thorough the Brambles of Impurity to graise on the loathsome Commons of Adultery ; and gratify their insatiate Appetites with the unfavoury Fodder of Fornication till they have fired their Tails like *Samson's Foxes*, to burn down the main Mast of that earthen Vessel Man, who then lies groaning and grumbling amidst his blaizing Torments, knowing not which way to steer for want of the Rudder of his Affection.

Therefore I say, *Beware of a fond Woman, for she is a sinful Temptation.*

Secondly, *A lude Woman is an evil Sorceriss*, she bewitches with her

her Tongue, and charmes with her  
 Taill till her pleasing Dalliance,  
 her languishing Looks, and leache-  
 rous Kisses has rais'd up the Devil  
 in the Flesh, then arises a hurly bur-  
 ly in Nature, he embraces the  
 Temptation in his Arms, and cast-  
 ing her on a Couch full of crack-  
 ling Infirmities, she tumbles, he bu-  
 fles, the Couch screeks out to dis-  
 cover the Baseness they are acting,  
 but it being in the Tents of the  
 Wicked no body will hear till  
 they have glutted their filthy Souls  
 with forbidden Fruit, and sow'd their  
 polluted Seed amidst the Thorns  
 of Abomination. Therefore I say  
 unto you, *Corrupt not good Man-  
 ners by evil Communication, For a  
 lude Woman is a sinful Temptation.*



*Now I shall proceed to the Second Part of my Text, which consists of these Words, Her Eyes are the Snares of Satan.*

That is Beloved, Her Eyes are the deludeing Bates, that first influence your frail Natures, by their pincking and winking, their ramb-ling and rowling, their long and languishing Motions, which so warms your Conceits, and tickles your youthful Fancies, that then, like the *Devil upon Dun*, there is nothing but Post hast to your own Damnation: So inamour'd with this Satans Jimcrack, that then 'tis, Oh that I cou'd, yes that I wou'd, Aw that she should; thus are ye never satisfied till ye are well pickled in the abominable Soufedrink  
of

of corrupt Filthyness, and come  
out loathsom Swine, fit for no-  
thing but the Company of the pol-  
luted Heard which the Devil drove  
headlong down a steep Hill into  
the raging Ocean, whether to  
wash them or drown them, that  
Beloved I will leave you to judge.

Secondly, *Her Eyes are the Bas-  
falisks of human Frailty*, where-  
ever they look they kill, or with  
each prevailing Glance knock down  
Humanity, and leave your ena-  
moured Souls under a languishing  
Condition. Therefore I say unto  
you, The Eyes of a lude Woman  
are the Snares of Satan, they are  
the Allurements with which he  
baites his Moustrap of Iniquity. This  
is the *Ignis Fatuus* that leads you  
into dark Pits, stinkidg Holes, bot-  
tomless

bottomless Pooles, and filthy wattergaps of Destruction.

But since all Women are not Lude, we ought to be very Cautious how we judge, for Man is full of erroneous Mistakes, and is very apt to cast the Saddle upon the wrong Horse, and for an Instance, I must needs own how once I was my self in this matter deceived.

As I was once crouding through *Bartholomew* Fair, amidst the throngs of the Unrighteous, I saw a little Female Prattlebox lean over a Curtain Pulpit and hold forth to a Congregation of Vipers; I thrust in amidst her gaping Auditors to lend my Attention, but heard her full of such wanton Speeches, and prophane Similitudes that



that I cry'd aloud, *Thou art the little Whore of Babylon, and thy abominable Words are the Doctrin of the Devil.* The pigmy Gossip answered me in a sneaking Voice, *Thou lyeſt*: Which provoked my Wrath, and raiſed me to ſuch Indignation, that I ſnatch'd hold of her little Jerkin & pull'd her down from the Pulpit amidſt a Croud of Spectators: Then I cry'd out with an audable Voice. *I ſay again, Thou art the little Whore of Babylon, and I will ſhew unto the Croud thy monſtrap of Iniquity*: With that I turn'd up her lower Garment to diſcover her Nakedneſs, but ſoon found I was deceived, for there was no Temptation; at which the Spectators burſt out into a great Laughter, ſcoffing and derideing me.

me after a vile manner, which made me walk away very much ashamed. Therefore I say, *be careful how you judge, for your Judgments are subject to a multitude of Failings.*

So much for the First & Second parts of my Text: I shall now proceed to the Third, where I shall handle the *Moustrap of Iniquity*, which I fear Beloved you have all been handling before me: This I shall open unto you, that with amazed Looks you may view the dangerous Effects which attends this *Satans Jimcrack*, that you may the better avoid falling into this bottomless Pit of eternal Destruction.

This Trap of Satans lies hid like a Coneyborough in the Warrens of the Wicked, between the Supporters

porters of humane Frailty covered over with the Fuzzes of Iniquity, which grow in the very Clift of Abomination. *A Lude Woman*, I say Beloved, is this very Warren of Wickedness. Therefore let not her Eyes entice you to be fingering the Fuzzes in the Clift of Abomination, lest Satan thrust you headlong into the *Moustrap of Iniquity*.

Let not Satan with his cloven Foot tread upon your tender Consciences, but erect your Actions upon the *Pedestal* of Piety, that Providence may put you in a posture of Defence against the Devil and his wicked Accomplices. Let not the Flesh be overpower'd with the prevailing Looks of a fond Woman, nor suffer thy self to be fettered in the Arms of a wanton Harlot, for I have plainly proved in these my short Instructions, *That a lude Woman is a sinful Temptation, her Eyes are the Snares of Satan, and her Flesh the Moustrap of Iniquity.*

Now beloved I shall Conclude with my hearty Wishes towards the Congregation here present. *May Providence Hea*g you and *Ditch* you with its Mercy, and send its Dung-Carts to fetch away the Filthiness from your Souls, *May your Actions shine bright in the Sun shine of Piety, or else remain covered with the Shadow of Perfection, that whatsoever you do may contribute much to your own Praise, and the Glory*  
of

of us double refined Christians; thus may you  
 be secure from the vile Touch of the Envious  
 Serpent, moved round with the flowing Tide of  
 perpetual Happiness, that you may daily bath  
 your sinful Flesh in a Stream of Repentance, and  
 wash away all Filthiness from your polluted Ta-  
 bles of Mortallity, that you may enter undefiled  
 into the Congregation of the Righteous.

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